

The Empire of Desire

With rain drumming the trunk
lid, bent under, creased
suit, cigarette, a cold

calling salesman conducts
his jokes in tails
of smoke, a run-

through, as with free hand he
deals catalogs, samples, roots

out pens, and (scene or slut,
depending) calendars.

The petty corruption
of life obtains

a history
as grand
as any.

